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DEADPOOL
WAY
BARBERI
WONG
DANIEL
OK, SHE IS THE CRAZY ONE?
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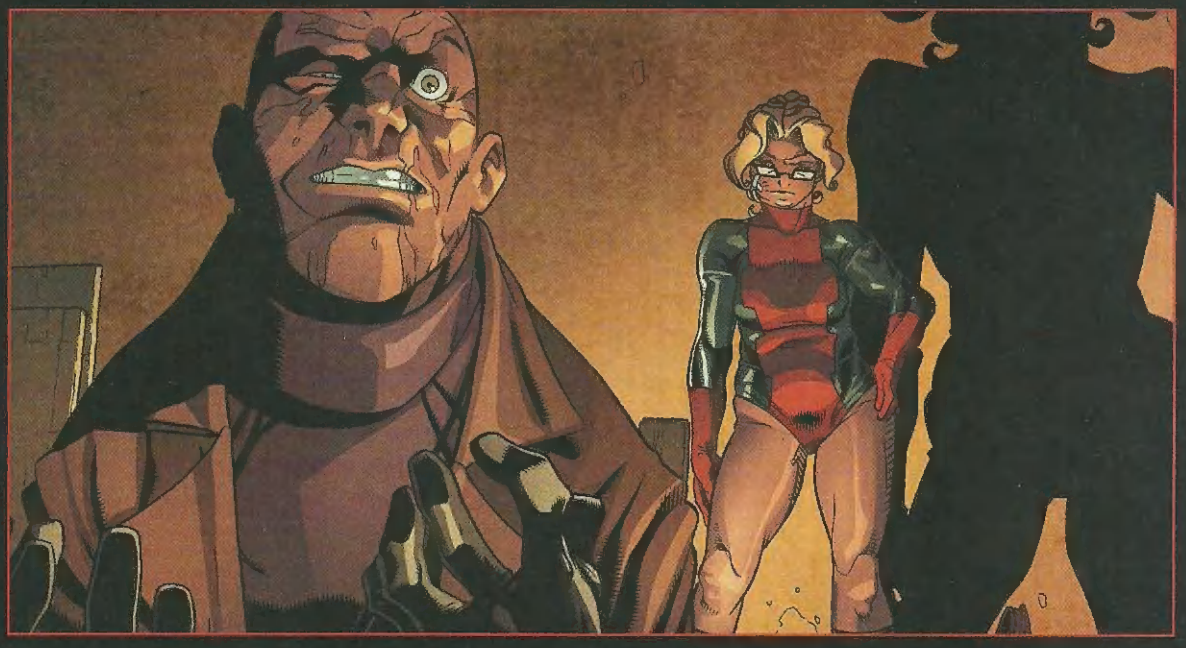
Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast-talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

DEADPOOL



Deadpool is in jolly old England! After breaking out of the psychiatric ward of the Crossmore Maximum Security Prison, Deadpool is running the streets of London like he's some sort of "chap" or "bloke." Why did they lock him up across the pond, rather than in the U.S. of A.? Because of Doctor Ella Whitby, Crossmore's resident therapist, who just happens to be psychotically obsessed with 'Pool. She helped break him out of the clink, then told him she was a killer, just like him. Wade ditched her and was going to head home for hot dogs and apple pie, but a talk with the Queen of England (not kidding) convinced him that Whitby was his responsibility.

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HERE WE GO.
DR. Ella Whitby
NO LIGHTS ON... CAN'T TELL IF SHE'S--
OH, SH--
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S DRESSED FOR WORK.
Work? No way--it's, like, nine something at night!
SO? IT'S NOT LIKE PRISONS ARE ONLY OPEN NINE TO FIVE...
WHATEVER.
SHE'S GONE.
OKAY... TIME TO BE A DICK.
"DICK" IS A SLANG TERM FOR DETECTIVE, RIGHT?
Nicely done.

WHOA! THIS PLACE FREAKIN' STINKS!
Cats, probably. Lots of 'em.
SHE IS CREEPY LIKE THAT...
AN' ALSO A TOTAL SLOB.
She's even worse at housekeeping than we are!
PROBABLY JUST DOIN' IT TO COPY ME.
WHY'S SHE GOTTA BITE OUR DIRTY STYLE LIKE THAT?
NO CATS.
Probably killed 'em all. For practice.
DON'T LOTSA PSYCHOS DO THAT?
Uh, we killed Donnie Grazer's cat in fifth grade...
BECAUSE DONNIE GRAZER'S DAD PAID US TO KILL IT.
Oh, yeah! Twenty bucks, right?
FORTY. TWENTY FOR THE JOB, TWENTY TO NEVER TELL DONNIE.
FOCUS!
I'M TRYIN' TO FIND SOME KINDA EVIDENCE THAT SHOWS WHITBY'S A TOTAL MANIAC PSYCHO KILLER--SOMETHIN' THAT'LL PUT HER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE PRISON BARS WHERE SHE BELONGS!
LIKE A MURDER WEAPON?
She did say she'd used a knife...
Milk
LET'S FIND THAT!

GAH!
SMELLS EVEN WORSE IN HERE!
It's the fridge. Probably fulla dead cats.
OR, Y'KNOW, A BUNCHA SEVERED HEADS...
HA!
NOPE.
JUST ONE SEVERED HEAD.

MINE.
PARTS
BLOOD
BLOOD
EYES
YOU COMPLETE ME
CONCLUSION

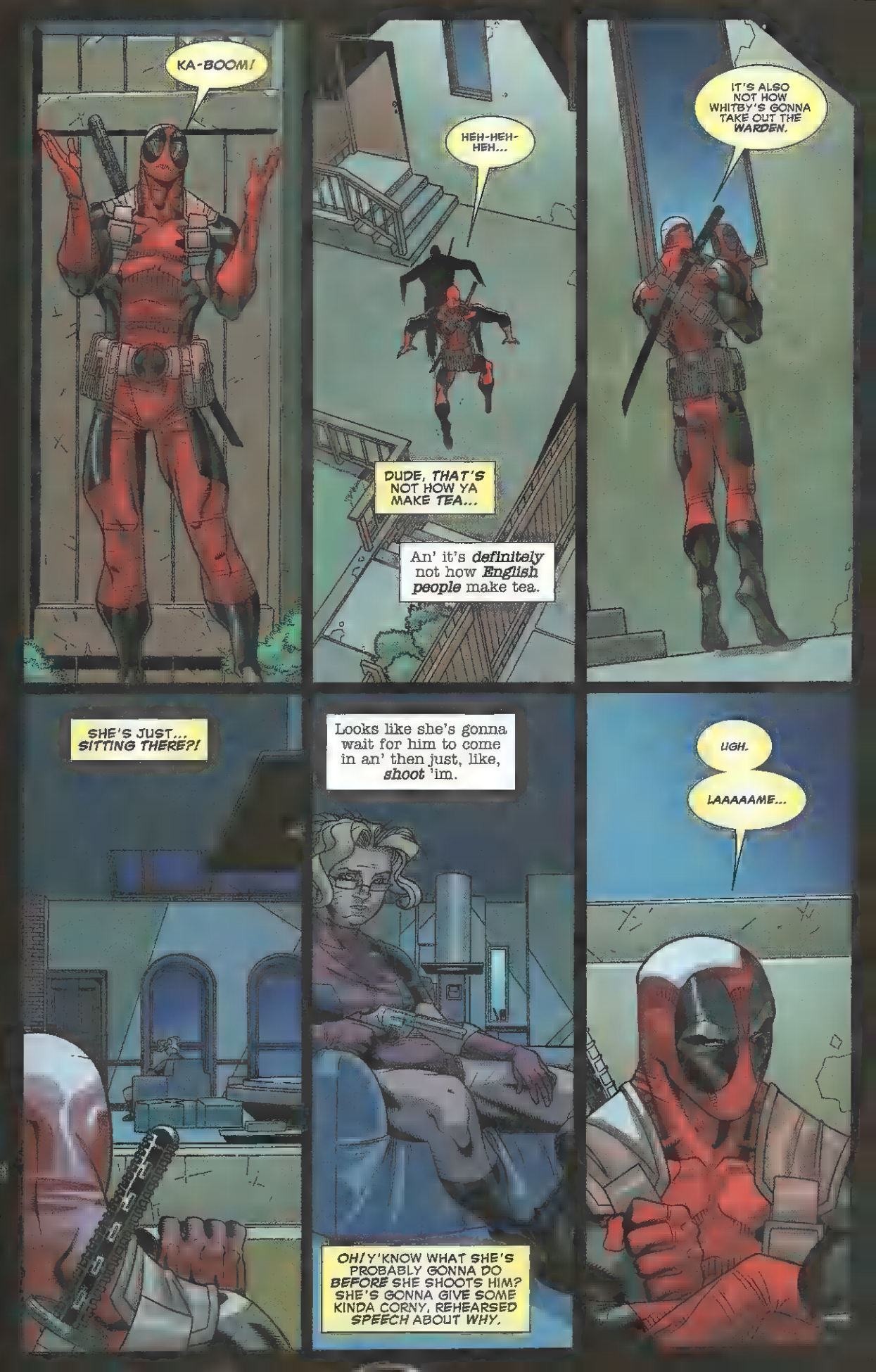
THAT'S...
THAT'S...
us.
In pieces.
THERE'S GOTTA BE A WHOLE BODY'S WORTH OF PARTS IN THERE!
WHY?!
Uh, isn't it obvious?
Skin suit, dude.
BH-LULRRRGH!

UKH--!
Gross!
UN-COOL, MAN!
THAT'S NOT GONNA HELP--!
SHUT UP!
WARDEN AIMES...?
·Divorced
·No Children
·Sole occupan
·10pm every nigh
PERFECT-
HOLY #%$*...
Whitby's not going to work--she's going to "work"!
9:29
SHE'S GONNA KILL THE WARDEN.

HMM...BUT IS THAT REALLY SO BAD...?
YEAH, IT'S BAD!
IT'S REALLY, REALLY BAD!
C'mon...the guy did all he could to keep us locked up for the rest of our life.
BUT THAT'S NOT WHY SHE'S DOIN' THIS! SHE'S DOIN' IT 'CAUSE SHE HATES THAT GUY! AN' SHE'S...SHE'S DOIN' IT AS ME!
LIKE I'M DEFENDING HER OR SOMETHIN'!
But...we wouldn't do that!
HELL, NO! WE HATE HER MORE THAN WE HATE THAT GOOFY-ASS WARDEN!
Waitaminute... are we gonna kill Whitby?
DUNNO.
MAYBE...?
EH.
PROBABLY.
Uhh...
THIS THING STILL SMELLS LIKE PUKE.
IT DOES STILL SMELL LIKE PUKE.
#$&%...

IF IT'S NOT WITHIN RUNNING DISTANCE, THAT GUY'S DEAD MEAT...
Has to be--if she had to take a train there, she'd have gone the other way.
WHAT'D THE NOTE SAY? "CLIFTON ROAD"?
Twenty-eight eighteen Coughlin Road.
TURN LEFT HERE.
That's it. End of the street on the right.
CAR'S NOT THERE-- HE'S NOT HOME YET.
OKAY--OKAY-- OKAY...
SHE'S GONNA BE COPYING ME, SO...HOW WOULD I DO THIS?
UHH... NO.
NOPE!
THAT'S GOOD, BUT...
AH-HA!
I'D TEABAG HIM.
DONE THAT TOO MANY TIMES, ALREADY.
...NAH.

DOO-DEE-DOO-DEE-DOO...
AHH...NOTHING QUITE LIKE A CRACKING GOOD SPOT OF TEA AFTER A LONG DAY OF KEEPING DOWN THE UNFORTUNATE, WOT-WOT?
CRIKEY!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY THIS TEABAG SMELLS OF AMMONIUM NITRATE! BUT THAT, OF COURSE, IS RIDICULOUS!
TEA
NOW I'LL JUST PUT THE KETTLE ON TO BOIL--HOLD ON, WHAT'S THIS?
WHY, THERE APPEARS TO BE A PLASTIC TRASH BAG INSIDE OF MY OVEN, INFLATED WITH WHAT COULD ONLY BE NATURAL GAS!
HMM...
CURIOUS THAT IT SHOULD ONLY OCCUR TO ME NOW WHAT A COMPLETE AND UTTER TOOL I AM...
AH!
TEA TIME!
FFEWEEEEEEE


KA-BOOM!
HEH-HEH-HEH...
DUDE, THAT'S NOT HOW YA MAKE TEA...
An' it's definitely not how English people make tea.
IT'S ALSO NOT HOW WHITBY'S GONNA TAKE OUT THE WARDEN.
SHE'S JUST... SITTING THERE?!
Looks like she's gonna wait for him to come in an' then just, like, shoot 'im.
OH! Y'KNOW WHAT SHE'S PROBABLY GONNA DO BEFORE SHE SHOOTS HIM? SHE'S GONNA GIVE SOME KINDA CORNY, REHEARSED SPEECH ABOUT WHY.
UGH.
LAAAAAME...

What was that--?
HE'S HERE!
UH-OH...
"...THE WARDEN'S HOME!"
CREEEEK-
WHY, HELLO.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I'VE WAITED FOR THIS.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I HAVE NO IDEA.
AND I DON'T GIVE A %*$#.

AND YET, YOU'RE HERE...
I'M HERE BECAUSE I CAN'T STOMACH THE IDEA OF YOU *KILLING IN MY NAME*. THIS ISN'T WHAT I DO.
BUT WHEN I *DO* DO IT? I DO IT WITH A *HELL* OF A LOT MORE STYLE THAN--
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
YOU SAID "*DOO-DOO*".
I--?
OH, YEAH! *I DID!*
I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE, WADE--I WAS *HOPING* WE'D BE TOGETHER FOR THIS.
WHAT, *KILLIN' THE WARDEN?* HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, DOC, BUT HE AIN'T COMIN'.
"I WARNED HIM OFF."
THAT'S FOR PUTTIN' ME IN *SOLITARY!*
KRAK
OF COURSE YOU DID, MY LOVE...
...BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

FFWEEE

WOW. THAT WAS... OKAY, THAT WAS PRETTY IMPRESSIVE.
That was something we would've actually done!
NAH...NOT REALLY.
Oh, c'mon! How 'bout givin' a little credit where--
I WOULDN'T HAVE DIED.
Oh.
Yeah.

UHH...WHY ARE WE BACK HERE...?
THAT.
WHITBY'S... SHRINE, OR WHATEVER. I CAN'T DEAL WITH IT.
IT'S GOTTA GO.
MAN, THIS IS FREAKIN' MY #@$% OUT...
What, touchin' 'em? We touch ourself all the time!
I KNOW, BUT...I DUNNO. I JUST HATE IT.
WELL, THAT MAKES SENSE...
IT DOES?
OH, YEAH. MAKES PERFECT SENSE, ACTUALLY.
WHY?
Because we hate ourself.
YEAH, I GUESS THAT DOES MAKE SENSE.

THAT'■ PROBABLY WHY I HATED WHITBY SO MUCH:
SHE ■■■ TRYIN' TO BE JUST LIKE ME!

W... WHY...
WHITBY, IT'S...IT'S NOT YOU, OKAY?
IT'S ME.
BUH... I L-LOVE... Y...
BUT I LOVE SOMEBODY ELSE.
HH... WHO--
IT DOESN'T MATTER, JUST...
...LOOK, IT'S NOT YOU, OKAY?
I NH... KNOW...
SUH WILL BE...
C-CLK

NO!
NO!
POWW

NOW CAN WE LEAVE ENGLAND...?

"HELL YEAH."
OI!
'OLD ON, MATE!
'ERE, 'AVE A LOOKIT THIS?
WHA?
IZZAT A...?
BLIMEY.
IT...IT MOVED...
THAT BLOODY THING'S ALIVE!
...WHERE ARE WE?
An' why're those guys talkin' like pirates?
NEXT: EVIL DEADPOOL!

NEXT MONTH

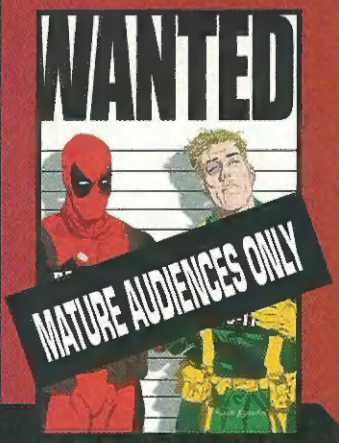
EVIL DEADPOOL

NUFF SAID.

10/26/11

MORE 'POOL!

UNCANNY X-FORCE #16
10/12/11



DEADPOOL MAX 2 #1
10/19/11

DEADPOOL VS. KETCHUP #1
10/26/11